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"Go deep enough there is music everywhere."—*Carlyle*.



A Musical Magazine for Everybody.

VOL. II. No. 18.

MARCH, 1895.

PRICE ONE PENNY.
By Post 1½d.

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Offices of "THE MINIM," 84 Newgate Street, London, E.C.,
AND OF MUSIC-SELLERS.

(AL)

Vol.

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The Minim,

A MUSICAL MAGAZINE FOR EVERYBODY.

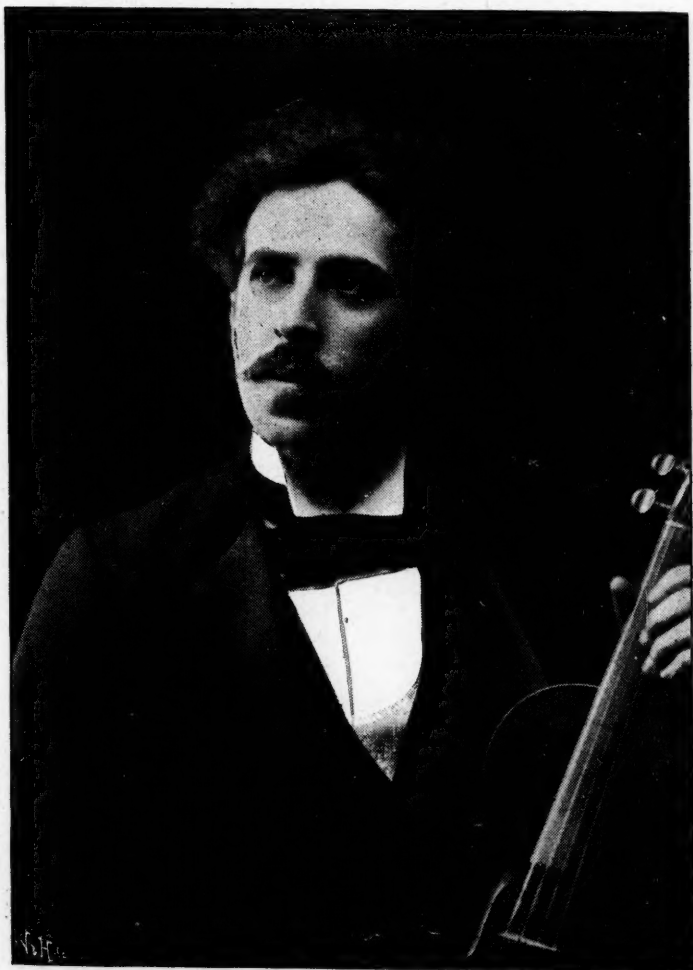
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(ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.)

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M. SERGE ACHILLE RIVARDE.

From a Photograph by Mendelssohn, Pembridge Crescent, W.

M. SERGE ACHILLE RIVARDE.

M. Serge Achille Rivarde has already attracted the attention of the musical world by the brilliancy and correctness of his playing on the violin, and bids fair to become one of the leading violinists of the day. He was born in New York in 1867, but in his ancestors Russian, American, and Spanish races are united, hence his southern appearance. His father was a great singer; and at the age of nine young Achille Rivarde was placed with Felix Seymour, and later on with Wieniawski. At the age of twelve and a half he went to the Paris Conservatoire, and here gained the first prize the following year, beating all the elder students.

At sixteen he left the school and studied with Vieuxtemps, although not with a view to a professional career. He was never forced forward as an infant prodigy, and was left quite free to follow his own inclinations. He made his débüt at M. Lamoureux's concert in Paris at the age of eighteen,

and made quite a sensation by his brilliant and remarkable rendering of Max Bruch's Concerto in G minor. Success was a certainty, and he immediately went on tour through Holland, Belgium and Germany.

I heard him in London last season, when Mr. Villiers Stanford brought him to London to play in the Bach Choir, and his playing attracted the attention of Mr. Henschel, who at once engaged him and arranged a tour, which proved an unqualified success. Further arrangements are being made for M. Rivarde's appearance in London at leading concerts in the coming season, and I advise all who have the opportunity to make a point of hearing this wonderful violinist, who has been compared to Paganini by many competent judges, and who certainly possesses much of the delicacy which characterises the great Sarasate.

"Spinning Wheel," February 2nd, 1895.

— * * * * *

NOTES UPON NOTES.

By W. H. HOLMES.

What is gained by the *high action* adopted by so many professors of undoubted ability? Surely this is not the higher development of muscular power.

Clementi, in his day, introduced the raising of the hand from the keys, then to fall gently so as to give emphasis without great force; but with tenderness, such as used in the days of "bussing" it on the pianoforte, or rather "caressing the tone." Would the bumptious and thumpius style of playing accord with Dr. Marx's idea of "Music yearning for words?"

In a musical Koran I read—"Art is not a purely spiritual essence, like thought, with which science has to deal, nor faith, which is a matter of religion. Neither is it corporeal or material like the works of nature. It is a living spirit revealing itself in *corporeally perceptible forms*." Dr. Stainer, in his masterly work, "A Theory of Harmony founded on the Tempered Scale," takes as motto (from W. F. Donkin on Acoustics) "The whole structure of modern music is founded on the possibility of educating the ear, not merely to tolerate or ignore, but even in some degree to take pleasure in slight deviations from the perfection of the diatonic scale." And Dr. Stainer himself says "Modern music owes much of its beauty to the use of doubtful chords." Does not the high action in playing tend to verify all this in a very funny

manner? Will not the carrier-pigeon style of performance ensure slight deviations from the perfection of the diatonic scale, and the soaring above increase the doubtful chords when the player does come down again—rather uncertain, certainly? In the old work of Avison on musical expression mention is made of the foppery of the harpsichord players, always sprinkling the chords, and coming in so sharply or smartly on the singers; nothing is said about "high action." The great Sebastian Bach (according to Forkel) used to laugh at players who seemed to have all thumbs; and, to quote from Herr Ernst Pauer's "Historical Pianoforte Lectures" (so full of thought, observation, research, and judgment), "Bach was undoubtedly the greatest performer of his time. The chief feature of his playing is said to be the highest degree of distinctness in the tones produced from the keys." This is, I believe, not gained by the high action. It is further related that "Bach held his fingers bent in such a manner over the keyboard that the finger-tips appeared in a downward vertical line, each finger at every moment ready for action. In taking the finger off the keyboard he drew it gently inwards with a sort of movement very like taking up coin from a table, only the end joint was moved, all the rest remained still. *Each finger was equally well trained.* The tranquil grandeur and the dignity of Bach's playing



were eminently remarkable. Bach took quick times, and rendered his performance so intelligible and interesting that it sounded like speech. Passionate passages he never expressed by *violent* or *spasmodic* movements, but solely relied on the power the composition itself possessed." So it appears that this most excellent description of really fine playing belonged to the "high art" school, and was unaided by the "high action."

It has been said that with Dussck the pianoforte seemed to undergo a new development. The cross-hand passages, arpeggios, &c., of Dussck, seem to favour a supposition that there was little inking after the high action. So it may be said of the two Scarlattis. Domenico Scarlatti gave up the cross-hand work in his later years, when he became very slow—to quote again from Herr Pauer, who humorously remarks: "A physical condition of things which interfered in a very appreciable degree with his ability to cross his hands over the keyboard in playing jumping passages." Now, supposing all the promoters of the high action became very stout (and I don't see why they should not), will the labour attendant upon the high action keep down obesity?

To quote again from Herr Pauer, he says "that there is a certain analogy in the genius and career of Hummel and Liszt. Both these composers were born in Hungary; both were distinguished for the highest technical execution. Both (Hummel and Liszt) contributed to make the pianoforte a fashionable instrument, and lastly, both became directors, or capellmeisters, in Weimar." Hummel enjoyed the rare benefit of the tuition of Mozart for a full year, and even was privileged to live in the great master's house. Michael Kelly, in his "Musical Reminiscences," describes a foot-race between himself and Attwood round Mozart's garden. Attwood was then living with Mozart, and taking lessons from him, having been sent over by George IV.

What then is the gain of the "high action?" The blow is *greater*—and let any one watch the hammers after such blows, it will be perceived that the very force given causes them to rebound. Certainly in the case of chords reiterated rapidly between the two hands, it may be said that clearness of execution is gained; but still, for the sake of tone and also appearance, the closer the playing the better.

Thalberg, who produced such a volume of tone, always advocated close playing; and on one occasion, when he had been much complimented on his tone, Mr. Cipriani Potter said, "You play close for your tone." Thalberg replied that Mr. Potter "had spoken to him more sensibly than all the rest put together."

With regard to the high action, so often adopted

by performers of most undoubted and acknowledged ability, it is only the means that one has to complain of, and this might be prejudicial to the rising generation, who would be more likely to copy the (to me) defect rather than the many beauties of gifted artists. I speak more particularly of the professional student in private society. I can hardly think that the "pugilistic" style or "high action" will maintain its place, yet I am not so fully attached to the old traditions as not to adopt all the new fancies could I see that any advantage was gained in so doing. The "high action" does not appear to act upon touch. This, of course, is more highly developed at the extremities of the *fingers*, which, when thoroughly educated and trained, give the performer the power of expressing all the various emotions that a musical composition might require; but the "high" action would seem to make any one forget that they had fingers to act independently; *wrist* and *fist* do the requisite work. Players have been advised to look at their arms and hands and fingers, and to analyse them carefully; then to have a graceful and natural position at the pianoforte, and not to give too much force from the shoulders or arms. Mr. Dannreuther, in his most able work "Richard Wagner: His Tendencies and Theories," says that "the music of the future understood in the sense of music that is ugly to us, but may possibly sound all right to our grandchildren, is a bugbear invented by an ingenious critic." Will the performers of the future go up to the moon and return with such a prim touch to their pianoforte? Would this be the way in which music, the language of all men, possessing the requisite equalising power, which, resolving the language of intellectual perception into that of feeling, makes a universal communication of the innermost artistic intuitions possible? The present "high action" in playing may perhaps only prove to be the *fashion* or the "foppiness of the day." The closer playing which many may like to designate "old-fashioned" may then become "new."

I shall be glad to know, certainly, what is gained by the "high action." I am, I trust, open to conviction if it is at all warrantable in appearance and general effect. In the glorious forty-eight Preludes and Fugues of Sebastian Bach (such wonderful lessons in part-playing, thereby requiring such variety of tone), full of intellectual and mechanical difficulties, almost humiliating to many clever players, who would scarcely ever dream that works by such an old master would require such really subtle execution, would Bach be improved by the "high action," or Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Sterndale Bennett, Moscheles, Schumann, &c. This would certainly be a step from the sublime to the ridiculous.

It is said that Hummel achieved feats in play-

ing the pianoforte never heard of before. Everybody believed he had reached the culminating point of technical execution, yet one does not hear much about the "high action" (although such passages as those, for example, in the conclusion of the first movement of the Concerto in A minor, and Fantasia, Op. 18, would seem to favour "a little going up and little coming down"). My own remembrance of Hummel is that his was *great playing*—the manner in which he interpreted his works. He has been considered to have united the classical and *bravura* styles more than any composer of eminence. There was no "high action" in his playing. He made his first appearance (on his second visit to England) in his own Concerto in A flat. After the most lovely "first tutti" the entry of the pianoforte was made by Hummel with such calmness, quietude and grace as to command attention; his fat fingers "picking" out the notes with such marvellous dignity and tone that he held his audience spellbound. Dr. Ferdinand Hiller, in his preface to Mendelssohn's Letters and Recollections, says truly that "Music cannot be described, language is totally incapable of giving the most distant idea of a musical composition." And, indeed, the same may be said of musical interpretation or performance, and many of the great critics of the day must have felt how difficult it is to write upon such an ideal and "spiritual" subject as music. Although there is a great power of public instruction going on at the present day in the analytical programmes which should be read before the performance so as to listen with all one's might, and thus acquire knowledge; now, how could the "high action" be observed—if any pianist "took to that line of the profession"—if *reading* the programme, although some might now and then feel that there was an uncomfortable sensation going on somewhere? After the performance to read a well-written critique upon the actual performance as it took place, the musical student will perceive all this to be suggestive. And how much he has to *feel* out in the ideal of his art; to be *learnt* and not taught.

But to go back to Hummel. His playing was so musician-like, so elegant and refined, you always felt that he was the composer as well as the player. Hummel's personality was very different from that of his music. He had the appearance of a country farmer when I saw him, fond of wearing a white hat, and even going out to evening parties with the same beaver. But let it be remembered that Hummel was patronised by all the courts of Europe. I think if we could all hear Hummel now we should admit the healthiness of his style, without sleight-of-hand tricks, yet with wonderful and profitable execution.

A good story is told of a young professional lady applying to a justly celebrated performer to give her lessons, upon which he said "That he rarely gave any lessons, but that he would give her the advice to practise till she considered herself perfect, and then do as *he* had done, retire for twelve years and practise fifteen hours a day." Now to a really true artist there must be always interest in doing so much, because to a real musician there is a variety. It is not the same thing over and over again, as the outside unthinking world fancy it to be. Granted that there is much that is mechanical to be overcome—that which may be termed dry execution, the "means to an end," but if the end is well kept in view, the ardour of the thorough student can never be quenched, but, on the contrary, can be stimulated over and over again to fresh exertions. I really believe in this being a pleasurable life of musical study. It has been said that "Of all human arts music has justest pretences to the honour of antiquity." We scarcely need any authority for this assertion; the reason of the thing demonstrates it, for the conditions and circumstances of human life required some powerful charm to bear up the mind under the anxiety and cares that mankind soon after his creation became subject to. And the goodness of our blessed Creator soon discovered itself in the wonderful relief that music affords against the unavoidable hardships which are annexed to our state of being in this life; so that music must have been as early in the world as the indispensable arts. For, if we consider how natural to the mind of man this kind of pleasure is, as constant and universal experience sufficiently proves, we cannot think he was long a stranger to it. Other arts were revealed as bare necessity gave occasion, and soon were afterwards owing to luxury; but neither necessity nor luxury are the parents of this heavenly art. To be pleased with it seems to be a part of our constitution; but 'tis made so, not as absolutely necessary to our being, 'tis a gift of God to us for our more happy and comfortable being; and therefore we can make no doubt that this art was among the very first that were known to man. Plutarch, in his "Treatise on Music," which is nothing but a conversation among friends about the invention, antiquity and power of music, makes one ascribe the invention to Amphion, the son of Jupiter and Antiope, who was taught by his father; but in the name of another he makes Apollo the author, and, to prove it, alleges all the ancient statues of this god, in whose hand a musical instrument was always put. He adduces many examples to prove the natural influence music has upon the mind of man; and since he made a god the inventor of it, and the gods existed before men, 'tis certain he

means to prove, both by tradition and the nature of the thing, that it is the most ancient as well as the most noble science. Yet we never hear of old Plutarch or Apollo being given to shutting their eyes and attending to the high action ; there-

fore it can hardly be an old fashion revived. In the few words I have written I have intended *nothing* personal, and again I say I am open to conviction, can it be proved, that the high action is beneficial to pianoforte playing.

— * * * * *

JOHN RUSKIN.

Ruskin is known to most of us through his writings. He is considered by many people to be the most remarkable man of letters that the present century has produced. He was certainly an extraordinary child, for we find him writing poetry at the age of seven years. As soon, however, as he began a literary career he gave up this practice, and although, according to Carlyle's definition, he is manifestly a poet, he writes entirely in prose.

In his writings he keeps as far as possible to words of Saxon origin, and uses the simplest language that his subject will allow. He says he is obliged to do this because people never take the trouble to discover what he means, and unless the meaning is so evident that it cannot be mistaken, they always put the wrong construction upon it. In spite of this it is necessary to take some trouble before we can understand him, and if we would fully appreciate him we must read his books again and again.

He says that sometimes he spends hours over a single paragraph, writing and re-writing it until it reads according to his satisfaction. The result of this is, that we find his words so well arranged and so exactly chosen to express his ideas, that it is almost impossible to substitute others or to rearrange them without altering the meaning or spoiling the effect.

He attributes much of his style, and the easy flow of his language, to the thorough training which he received from the Book which is best calculated to direct one's thoughts aright, and which contains some of the finest specimens of poetical work ever produced, for he tells us that, as a child, he used to read the Bible straight through, hard names and all, once a year at his mother's knee ; and we cannot read a book of his, hardly even a chapter, without seeing the unbounded influence which this has had upon his mind, and the colouring which it gives to all his thoughts, and to the expression of them.

Although professedly a writer on art, and an art critic, there seems to be no subject with which Ruskin is not familiar. Music, literature, political economy, education, science, mythology, have all been treated by him. His ideas, too, on all subjects, are most entirely and delightfully original,

and have a beauty distinctively their own ; he always says exactly what he knows to be right without in the least caring whether he is likely to offend or please.

Some of us do not like Ruskin, he is too plain for us ; he will not stand by and see wrong done without trying to right it, and he is more ready to discern between the right and the wrong than most men.

The truth is not always pleasant, and we do not care to be told, for instance, that when we buy cheap goods, *i.e.*, goods which could not be produced by fair means at the prices offered, we are "Stealing"—taking the labour of others without paying them fair wages for it. It is comfortable sometimes to think that if we have done wrong, we have done it in ignorance ; Ruskin says that ignorance is the most deadly of all sins, because we might know the right if we would. He says, "You have no right at all to do wrong, or to get into any way that you cannot see. Your intelligence should always be far in advance of your act. Whenever you do not know what you are about you are sure to be doing wrong."

He is pre-eminently a lover of all things beautiful, and seeks to draw the attention of others to the beauty which he is always so ready to perceive. A friend of his says, "When I was very young, I was once walking in a garden with Ruskin, when I observed him stoop down low and glance sideways at the sky. Wondering at this movement of his, I heard him say, 'Do you stoop down here, and you will see what I see,' so I bent down also, and saw what he had discovered, the loveliness of a tree's buds against the sky. It is this seeking for sweetness and light, and his sympathy with human nature, that is the secret of his power over all who study his writings."

He takes infinite pleasure himself in all the beauties of life, in scenery, in flowers, and in all things sweet and graceful. He tried to revive the May-Day festivities of ancient times in some village in England, but failed. He, however, successfully introduced them among the students of a certain college in London, and in the High School for Girls in Cork, in both of which institutions for the past twelve years, or more, May Day has been the most joyful

festival of the whole year, and the delightful dance and song, the artistic arrangement of dress and flowers, and the mirth and happiness of the day have given intense pleasure, not only to those participating in them, but to Ruskin himself on the several occasions he has been present.

Like most great men Ruskin is intensely fond of children, especially little girls. He once described himself as "The collared serf of a wilful little maid of six."

He has sound practical advice for people of all conditions of life, and of all ages, from childhood upwards. He has very decided notions of what girls should be like, and what they should be able to do. One of the first things he insists upon is that they shall know how to dress beautifully; by this he means making dresses, not buying them; and they are not to be content with this, but to help every other girl and woman to be dressed beautifully, too, and to consider it a personal disgrace all the time there are others who are content to live in dirt and rags. Among desirable accomplishments for girls, he places first and foremost dancing, which he considers a very "fine art" indeed. By dancing he means not only being able to dance, but being so light-hearted and happy that they are always wishing to dance.

His ideas on many subjects are considered impractical, and possibly some of them may be so. He looks back with regret to the time when there were no such things as railroads, when people could not rush from one place to another as they do now, without looking at or seeing anything. He much laments that some of the fairest spots in England have been spoiled by turning them into coal-fields and manufacturing centres. If he had his way no one should be able to buy a book for less than "a pound sterling," there should be no circulating libraries, and people should never lend their books to each other; the reason being that people read far too much, and do not have time to consider what the writer really means. Besides this, a book which costs the purchaser something is valued more, and is consequently more diligently read and studied.

He says that a man might read all the books in the British Museum if he lived long enough, and remain for ever illiterate, but if he reads ten pages of a book, letter by letter, he is for ever to some extent an educated man.

He disagrees with all—or nearly all—political economists, and declares himself at war with all the botanists. In fact, if he had time enough before him, he would like to revolutionise the nomenclature of botany, and re-christen many of the flowers; for he considers much of the botanical language to be unscholarly, and many of the names of flowers to be unsuitable or vulgar.

He would like to see good art brought within easy reach of the majority of people, as literature now is; so that every one who had a mind to do so might be able for a reasonable sum to purchase a picture wrought by a "master-hand." Of course he explains how this might be done, and what steps should be taken to find artists and train them when found; for he insists very strongly on the fact that an artist cannot be *made*, he must have the art-gift born in him, and all that can be done is to train his artistic faculty in the right direction.

He deplores the amount of intellect and talent which is wasted in producing bad, cheap wood-cuts because the men who do them are capable of better things; and he denounces the wasteful practice of the present day of employing so much labour on works which are not lasting, and which consequently will be of no use to succeeding generations. He says the first error of the day "is that people demand bad art," the second that "they demand that the workmen shall put it into bad substance."

Although he considers it necessary, and on certain occasions a positive duty, for persons to be beautifully dressed, he proclaims the sinfulness of luxurious living, and of all expensive habits, so long as there are hungry people to be fed, or naked ones to be clothed.

He states that the wealth of a nation consists, not in the amount of riches or art treasures which it can heap up, but in the number of healthy, happy-hearted human beings it can produce; and he considers that it is the duty of the nation to educate the children, to direct the labour of those in middle life, or punish them if they refuse to work, and to provide honourably for all in old age if they need it.

He does not at all agree with the current notions with regard to the receiving of alms. He says "the poor have an objection to going into the workhouse, which the rich have not," that is, that a rich man is ready enough to take a pension from Government for service which he has rendered to his country, but that a poor man who has served his country equally in his degree considers it a disgrace to take a pension from his parish.

He has no mercy on the political economists, and the sarcasms which he directs against them are endless. He says they have framed laws for social life without taking into account social affections, and that as affection forms an appreciable quantity in the composition of human beings the laws in practice are utterly worthless.

It is impossible to read many of Ruskin's books, and thoroughly enjoy them, without a considerable amount of general knowledge, as the range of his subjects is extremely wide. Many of his books, too, are lectures, chiefly on art, to those engaged or

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interested in it, and so, of course, there are a good many technical difficulties to be overcome. But, on the other hand, we may learn from him much of a subject with which we were not before familiar, and become interested in spite of ourselves. His books must certainly be classed among those written not for "the hour," to be taken up to amuse us or pass some idle minutes; but as books for "all time," which we must read again and again if we would get all the possible good from them. The influence which Ruskin must exercise over those who study his works is boundless, for he treats of no subject without bringing it to bear on every-day life; and the key-note of all his writings is "justice and truth."

The skies, hills, trees, birds, flowers, the very dust under our feet remind us of beautiful things, he has said. His powers of description, too, are marvellous. Here is something he says about the poppy. "I have in my hand a small red poppy which I gathered on Whit-Sunday, on the palace

of the Cæsars. It is an intensely simple, intensely floral flower. All silk and flame; a scarlet cup perfectly edged all round; seen among the wild grass far away like a burning coal from heaven's own altar. You cannot have a more complete, a more stainless type of flower absolute; inside and outside *all* flower. No sparing of colour anywhere—no outside coarseness, no interior secrecies—open as the sunshine that creates it; fine finished on both sides down to the extremest point of insertion on its narrow stalk; and clothed in the purple of the Cæsars." We should all look at poppies with different eyes after reading such a description.

Whether we are influenced by Ruskin will depend on our own characters, for, to use his own words, "we are only bettered by others when we are hard at work bettering ourselves;" and our right understanding of him "will depend on the materials we have in our own minds for an intelligent, answering sympathy." E. A. C.



PRIZE COMPETITION.—No. 13.

As probably a great many of our readers are choristers or members of choral societies, to whom the "Messiah" is both familiar and accessible, the voting on the following questions should prove interesting.

Competitors are required to state which in their opinion is the most difficult chorus to sing well out of those mentioned, and to indicate the same by placing a cross (X) in the space provided opposite its name. The votes will be tabulated, and the chorus for which most votes are given will be adjudged the most difficult.

We offer a Prize of ONE GUINEA to the competitor whose coupon contains the winning name.

The following rules must be strictly adhered to, or competitors will be disqualified:—

1. The Coupon below must be filled in and returned to our London Office, 84 Newgate Street, *not later than* first post on March 20th, the outside of the envelope being marked "Competition."

2. The Competition is free to all who send in their replies on accompanying Coupon. Competitors may send in more than one answer if they choose, but a separate coupon must be used for each.

3. In the envelope must also be enclosed a *sealed envelope*, bearing on the *outside* the motto chosen by the Competitor (and which also appears on the Coupon), and containing *inside* the name and address of the Competitor, but *not* the Coupon.

4. In the event of a tie the prize will be awarded to the coupon first opened. The Editor's decision must, in all cases, be considered final.

Coupon No. 13.

(Please cut out neatly.)

..... "And with His Stripes."

..... "All we like Sheep."

..... "His Yoke is Easy."

..... "And He shall Purify."

..... "Let Us break Their Bonds."

Motto _____



A TON of complaining won't raise a pound of relief.

ALL fetters are bad, even if they be made of gold.

MRS. RUSSELL STARR.



Miss A. J. Martin (Mrs. Russell Starr) A.R.A.M., studied for six years at the Royal Academy of Music under Mr. Walter Macfarren, for piano-

forte, gaining during that period the bronze and silver medals and Bennett Prize for pianoforte playing. In August, 1875, she came to Hull, at the suggestion of Messrs. Gough and Davy, and rapidly established a large connection. There are probably few more successful and able teachers in the country. Besides passing a number of pupils in the local examinations of the Royal Academy and Royal College of Music, fifteen of Mrs. Starr's pupils have passed the Metropolitan Professional Examination of the Royal Academy of Music, and are now Licentiates of the Royal Academy of Music (L.R.A.M.) and Associates of the Royal College of Music (A.R.C.M.). In the year 1893 four of her pupils gained the L.R.A.M., though only one student passed from the much larger city of Liverpool, and only forty-four in the United Kingdom. Mrs. Starr's pupils thus gained four out of forty-four passes, or one in eleven of the whole number, a record probably unsurpassed by any other teacher in the kingdom.

She was a favourite pupil of Mr. Walter Macfarren, her playing being distinguished by great clearness and delicacy of touch. Had she not devoted herself so closely to teaching she would no doubt have made a reputation as a solo pianist. She has, however, frequently given her services for charitable purposes, and has done very much to stimulate and foster musical culture in the town of Hull.

— * * * * *

RESULT OF PRIZE COMPETITION.—No. 11.

We are now able to announce the result of this competition, and an analysis of the votes gives results in the following order of arrangement:—

- 1.—"Hymn of Praise."
- 2.—"Golden Legend."
- 3.—"Redemption."
- 4.—"St. Paul."
- 5.—"Stabat Mater."
- 6.—"Judas Maccabæus."
- 7.—"Acis and Galatea."

We are not surprised to find the two Handelian works at the bottom of the list, but the voting on Nos. 3, 4, and 5, was so close that had another half-dozen or so coupons been sent in the positions might easily have been reversed.

The "Hymn of Praise" and "Golden Legend" far outstrip their nearest competitors, the former having over fifty per cent. of the votes for its position at the head of the list.

Only one coupon, bearing the motto "Espérance," has given the exact list; the winner's name and address being—

Miss KATHLEEN WHITE,
58 Coolhurst Road,
Crouch End, N.,

to whom a Cheque for ONE GUINEA has been forwarded.

Several competitors gave five correct placings, and "Deeds not Words" just missed a chance of the prize by reversing the places of Nos. 5 and 6.

We are glad to note that our Competition Editor's pitiful appeal in the matter of "mottoes" has not been in vain, and, although no one has sent us a "Plum-Duff," we have been favoured with a couple of "Mince-pies," which may perhaps be considered more suitable to this season of the year!

Our next number will contain a Portrait and Biography of Miss Rosalind F. Ellicott and others, Result of February Competition, Particulars of new Competition, Articles on "Some Neglected Composers," "Singing made Easy," the first of our special contributor's articles on "Music in Board Schools," and matter crowded out of present issue, &c., &c.



A MUSICAL MAGAZINE FOR EVERYBODY.

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The Editors, "The Minim,"

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OUR October leader, dealing with the cause for the undoubted partiality for music in the Northern Counties, has provoked some correspondence and not a few comments. This interesting fact has been variously accounted for; though we have only received a few communications which throw any definite light upon it. Our own position was that the marked superiority of the North of England over the South as a musical district was principally due to the influence of education. Our able correspondent, Mr. Casson, sought to particularise in more detail, and complicated the issue somewhat by also bringing into the arena the case of "gallant little Wales." This we had especially avoided doing for two reasons. Firstly, the Welsh as a nation are almost purely Celtic, and therefore very great divergence from the habits of the rest of the island might be naturally accounted for. Secondly, musical authorities are by no means agreed, from Sir George Macfarren downwards, on the question as to the alleged superiority of the Welsh in matters musical; whilst we are unanimous in recognising the superlative merits of the Yorkshire choristers. Mr. Casson attributes the effects to the peculiarity of the language, despite the obvious objections which were raised by our other correspondents. It seems to us that the question is really left pretty well where it was in our first article; the only natural causes contributing to the effect being, perhaps, in the Welsh, racial, and in the inhabitants of our northern counties, climatic, modified by education and environment.

THE worst cases of incompatibility of temper occur when both parties have the same kind of temper, and plenty of it.

REAL fidelity may be rare, but it is real. They only deny its worth and power who never loved a friend or laboured to make a friend happy.

Postlude.

W. D. ARMSTRONG,
Organist St. Paul's, Alton, Illinois.
rit.....

Andante Maestoso.

Man. *Gt. ff*

Pedal

Moderato, ♩ = 69

f



WHAT IS CLASSICAL MUSIC ?

This question was ingenuously propounded to me the other day by a young lady, who afterwards confessed that it was a question which had been somewhat ardently debated on the previous evening by herself and some musical friends. None of them, she said, could quite agree as to what was the exact meaning of the term. So as the young lady in question was, we will hope, very anxious to learn, she decided to refer the matter to me. For aught I know, when she next met her friends she may have triumphantly or the reverse, according to which way her own argument had lain, settled the matter to her own satisfaction by quoting my *dictum*.

At first the question seems somewhat of a poser; and, in truth, in all probability few people could give a good answer straight away without consideration. Everybody knows perhaps *whose* music is classical; though few know why some people's music is not classical. Everybody, for instance, knows that Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Handel are classical composers, whilst Offenbach, Strauss and Berlioz are not.

The popularity or unpopularity of contemporaries does not decide the matter, even if the opinions be included of persons of, for the time, cultivated tastes. Handel had a formidable rival in Buononcini, whose name as a composer is now practically dead. Glück's reputation also at intervals was often overshadowed by the now otherwise forgotten Piccini; whilst Steibelt was by

many preferred to the mighty Beethoven. The people of Vienna thought as little of Mozart as they did afterwards of Schubert, and permitted him to be buried in a pauper's grave unknown to this day; and Beethoven himself had no high opinion of Haydn, though he did dedicate some of his earlier sonatas to him, soon after he had enjoyed the benefits of his instruction.

If neither the good or bad opinion of contemporaries or financial success are to be determining factors as to who are classical composers, what have we to go upon in making our decision? Will any one say Brahms, Gounod or Sullivan are not classical?

The answer lies in the fact that posterity alone decides the matter. Plenty of composers as great in their day as Brahms are now forgotten. Neither Beethoven or Rubinstein were much appreciated in their lifetime.

The most we can say of such musicians as Brahms, Humperdinck, and perhaps even of Wagner (?) is that their works *may be* in the "classical manner," and seem to have similar qualities of style: and this brings us up finally to the answer I gave to my fair questioner, and which I now put into print for the benefit of all those whom it may concern:—"Classical compositions are such as have been preserved intact through several generations by intrinsic merit, and have, by posterity, been pronounced good of their kind."



THE ART OF LEARNING MUSIC.

That there is some art to teach music we suppose nobody would deny; that there is any art in learning music few people seem to recognise. We hear a great deal about the success of Mr. So-and-so as a teacher of singing, piano, violin, or what not; that his success depends almost entirely upon the kind of pupil upon which he exercises his craft scarcely ever seems to enter people's heads. A certain professor has the good fortune to produce one good artiste and he is inundated with persons anxious to become his pupils. Many of these are persons of but small talent and abilities, and lacking in almost every essential for artistic success. Yet, because they are receiving instruction from the *maestro* to whom at least one celebrity owes everything, they appear to think that a similar measure of success must be theirs also.

If it were not so common the absurdity of this position would be perhaps more fully apparent than

it is. It is rather singular, however, that there is no theory, no matter how absurd, no idea, no matter how long exploded, which has not a considerable number of supporters; and it is, therefore, almost an indisputable fact that the greater the number of persons who profess belief in any given fact the more likely it is to be wrong. Numbers attract numbers; the greater the success the more numerous the imitators; therefore it is not wonderful that as logic and reasoning power belongs to the few rather than to the many that thoughtless people often give to a master the credit due to a pupil; on the other hand, often giving the pupil the credit really due to the master.

The most important attributes necessary in the art of learning are earnestness and the possession of a good memory, and of these two qualities it is hard to say which is the more important. Without either progress is impossible, with one of the two

only success will at best be partial. By far the great majority of students expect the master to do too much, indeed everything, for them; they seem to forget that he can only tell them what to do and what to avoid. Their progress, therefore, depends on what they remember and retain, more than what they may momentarily perceive and hear.

A student should go to his lesson, not only well prepared in so far as in him lies, but also with a determination to carry away as many new ideas and to acquire as much information as possible. Yet in the writer's experience it is quite the exception rather than the rule for pupils to ask questions or to tell the master of their difficulties. One has to discover these as one best can, then to find out the remedy, and anticipate all the incidents which may happen to prevent them taking effect; to impart all this to the pupil by endless repetition is then the teacher's frequent lot. The pupil never imagines he or she has any duties—oh, no! These rest with the master, he is paid to instruct, and that settles the matter.

It has been said that memory forms a very important element in real progress. We can put it much stronger than that, however; for without memory lessons are wasted. Memory is greatly strengthened by use; the more it is employed the stronger it gets.

The earnest student will, therefore, go over his piece, scales, studies, and everything he has performed to his master as soon as possible after the lesson, and endeavour to recollect *every* mistake pointed out by the master and its remedy. This

is to be done not only *once*, but several times, until the mind has clearly grasped and can instantly realise the necessary facts. Very few people can do this without *many* repetitions for certain physiological reasons which need not be entered into here; and even talented students can hardly be certain of recollecting *in time* new facts until after at least ten different attempts on separate occasions.

The essential points can often be studied with much profit *away* from the instrument. It is extremely good practice to *read over* music without either playing or singing it; analysing points, anticipating difficulties, and mentally deciding what the general effect should be. In this way the earnest student can repeat his last lesson *ad infinitum*; for it will generally be found that if proper attention has been paid to the master's remarks at the time, that they are recalled each time the passage that prompted the criticism is repeated.

The faculty of imitation is one that must be possessed by those who would be great artists; but it is only a part of memory after all, and it is generally found that those persons who are good mimics have good memories. Below even this, however, is the mimetic instinct itself, and as we have already said the good mimic has a good memory, efforts to mimic form a good foundation for endeavouring to cultivate the memory.

If you want to succeed, therefore, as a musician—or aught else, indeed!—you must not only be thoroughly in earnest, but you must cultivate your memory and use it unceasingly.

— * * * * *

CORRESPONDENCE.

NORTH v. SOUTH.

SIR,—I have said my say and I await your summing-up.

I do not think that physique has anything to do with the matter; but, as M.R.C.O. mentions it, your readers may be interested to know that the Welshman, though short, is very sturdy. If a good-sized company of Welsh volunteers be drawn up by an equal number of average Englishmen, the Welshmen will take two file more space, as demonstrated at Aldershot. Another amusing fact: shakos, &c., sent for assortment amongst Welshmen and based by the makers on the English average, are found ludicrously small.

Welsh working men are much more given to intellectual amusements than their English *confrères*. I do not speak, as some do, as if all Welshmen wrote epics for Eisteddfodau, held weekly in every village; but there is the effort, only too much limited by the literature. So far as music is concerned, however, I should rank it as a cause rather than as an effect of this. What is the typical Yorkshireman now? A "Tyke" of the John Browdie type, or a shrunken factory "hand."

THOMAS CASSON.

Brondesbury,
2nd February.

— * * * * *

WHEN you meet your antagonist, do everything in a mild and agreeable manner. Let your

courage be as keen but at the same time as polished as your sword.

MONS. ALEXANDER SILOTI.

Mons. Alexander Siloti, the young Russian pianist, who created so favourable an impression on his visits to England in 1893 and 1894, was born in 1863 at Charkoff, in Southern Russia. At

an early age he betrayed the possession of rare musical gifts, and in 1873 became a student at the Conservatoire of Moscow. He remained there, working under Zoeriff, Nicholas Rubinstein, and Tschaikowsky, until 1881. In 1883 he went to Weimar, when the Abbé Liszt speedily recognised his phenomenal ability, and accepted him as a pupil. Remaining there three years, and during that period profiting to the utmost by the instruction of his great teacher, he accepted in 1886 a professorship of the Conservatoire of Moscow, of which he had formerly been a student. He retained this position until 1890, but the drudgery of teaching was not congenial to his tastes,

and he was glad to relinquish it and commence that series of public performances which have, as was recently remarked by a well-known London critic, "placed him in the very front rank of living pianists." He has played with the greatest success in all the

large towns of Europe, and has everywhere established for himself the highest reputation by the beauty of his touch, his refinement and poetic feeling, his absence of affectation, and the com-

pleteness with which he enters into the spirit of the master he is interpreting. The musical public of Great Britain are indebted to him for the introduction to their notice of many of the beautiful works of the younger Russian composers whose names are beginning to lend variety to the programmes of piano-forte recitals, such as Arensky, Rachmaninoff, Scriabine, and others. Mons. Siloti has recently played for Mr. Manns at the Crystal Palace, and has just completed a most successful tour in Central Germany, where he has played at Leipzig, Mannheim, Frankfurt, Karlsruhe, &c. On March 4th he will give an afternoon recital at Prince's Hall; on March 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th,

he will give recitals at Edinburgh, Glasgow, St. Andrew's, and Dundee, returning to London on the 9th to play at the Ballad Concerts at the Queen's Hall.



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HE that does good for good's sake seeks neither praise nor reward, though sure of both at last.

PROVERBS are potted wisdom.

IT costs three farthings to coin a sovereign.

HIGH IDEALS.

"We needs must love the highest when we see it."

In music, as in all life, always let your ideal be the highest it is possible to conceive, and never allow yourself to be contented with anything in any degree less than the highest.

The moment we begin to lower our ideals, that moment do we, whether we will or not, begin to lower also ourselves.

But, you say, it is so wearying, so useless, straining always after an impracticable, unattainable ideal. Why not be contented with something *within* our reach; something which can be grasped definitely and retained at will? Yes, I grant you, it *is* wearisome to stand always on tip-toe, with eyes and hands uplifted, straining anxiously towards that noblest, highest ideal, which is always so far above and beyond our reach. It *is* so much easier and more comfortable to lean contentedly against our favourite props, and to be satisfied with that which comes to hand easily and without much effort. But does not the mere fact of standing tip-toe, gazing fixedly at our ideal, bring us nearer to it? Are we not in such an attitude nearer to it than when stooping, with bent shoulders and downcast eyes, groping feebly after some unworthier but less exacting model? What does it matter if our ideal *is* actually unattainable? Do we not raise ourselves nearer to it simply by *striving* to reach it? And is not the mere thought of an ideal so pure and high that it *is* unattainable in itself elevating? Oh, never mind the weariness, the disappointment. Keep your eyes fixed on the highest, and never for one moment suffer them to be withdrawn. No man or woman ever yet had *too* high an ideal, and no man or woman ever yet failed through having too high an ideal. It is only when we lose sight of our ideals that we fail. Leaning contentedly against our favourite props *may* be comfortable; but let us beware of sliding down, lower and lower, imperceptibly perhaps at first, but sliding lower nevertheless, till at last we are overwhelmed by our utter degradation and lie grovelling in the dust, without even sufficient energy or self-respect to give one

glance or sigh of regret for the ideal of which we have so soon lost sight.

Whatever your ideal in music, never lose sight of it, never relinquish it. Is it a Beethoven Sonata? One of the great masterpieces which you can never even hope to render adequately? Attack it bravely and patiently, and never be content till you have at least mastered the notes and technical difficulties. Analyse it, study its form and construction, love it, worship in secret, humbly and reverently try to glean its sacred inner meanings. You will be all the better musician for the effort, hopeless though it be. You will at least have gained an insight into its mysteries, and you will infinitely better understand and appreciate its beauties when you hear them expounded by some gifted master of the art.

Mind, I do not say inflict it on your friends. You *dare* not do that, if you reverence the master. No one has any more right to *play* an untruth than to utter one. And it *is* playing an untruth when you give to others a tortured, mangled version of a mighty work, and then libel the master by attaching his name to it.

Must we not always love and reverence the highest in all music and in every art and science simply because it is a whisper from, or reflection of, the Greatest Musician and Artist of all? And in neglecting to worship the highest ideals, are we not refusing to pay homage to Him Who is the Great Giver of "every good and perfect gift" in all music and art?

So, then, let us always choose to love and reverence the highest ideals, remembering that "Failure in the highest is nobler than success in the lowest," so that, at the close of our earthly career, we may have no cause to wail, with poor heart-stricken Guinevere—

"Ah, my God,
What might I not have made of Thy fair world,
Had I but loved Thy highest creature here?
It was my duty to have loved the highest:
It surely was my profit had I known:
It would have been my pleasure had I seen.
We needs must love the highest when we see it,
Not Lancelot nor another."

JEAN HARAS.

— * * * * *

"SOMETHING FOR NOTHING."—From the earliest dawn of humanity to the present time there has been a desire among a certain class of men to get something for nothing, and it seems inborn in the human race. Some people want to get a living without labour, others want honours without

striving for them, and still others think that it is the duty of the government to give them money in one way or another. All these classes of men seem to forget that labour is not only honourable, but that, if well directed, it will supply all that is needed, if not all that is asked for.

COMING CONCERTS FOR MARCH.

- 2nd.—Queen's (Large) Hall, Polytechnic Concert at 8.—St. James's Hall, Popular Concert at 3.
 3rd.—Queen's (Large) Hall, Grand Organ Recital at 3.30; National Sunday League at 7.
 4th.—Queen's (Small) Hall, Miss Marie Ames' Concert at 8.—St. James's Hall, Royal Academy Students' Concert at 3; Popular Concert at 8.—Princes' Hall, Mons. Siloti's Recital at 3.
 5th.—Queen's (Large) Hall, London Orphan Asylum Concert at 8.—Queen's (Small) Hall, Mrs. Hirschbein's Concert at 8.—Princes' Hall, Miss Williams' Concert at 8.
 6th.—Queen's (Large) Hall, Strolling Players' Orchestra at 8.30.—St. James's Hall, Ballad Concert at 8.
 7th.—Queen's (Large) Hall, Philharmonic Concert at 8.—Queen's (Small) Hall, Subscription Concert at 8.
 9th.—Queen's (Large) Hall, London Ballad Concert at 3; Polytechnic Concert at 8.—Queen's (Small) Hall, Mr. Arthur O'Leary's Concert at 3.
 10th.—Queen's (Large) Hall, Grand Organ Recital at 3.30; National Sunday League at 7.
 11th.—St. James's Hall, Popular Concert at 8.
 12th.—Queen's (Large) Hall, "Lohengrin" and "Tannhauser" at 8.
 13th.—Queen's (Large) Hall, Metropolitan Hospital Concert at 8.—Queen's (Small) Hall, J. T. Hutchinson's Concert at 8.—St. James's Hall, Ballad Concert at 3.
 14th.—Queen's (Large) Hall, London Symphony Concert at 8.
 16th.—Queen's (Large) Hall, London Ballad Concert at 3; Polytechnic Concert at 8.—Queen's (Small) Hall, Leicester House Assembly at 6.—St. James's Hall, Popular Concert at 3; St. Patrick's Irish Ballad Concert at 8.—Albert Hall, Mr. Carter's Irish Concert at 8.
 17th.—Queen's (Large) Hall, Grand Organ Recital at 3.30; National Sunday League at 7.
 18th.—Queen's (Large) Hall, St. Patrick's Day Concert at 7.30.—St. James's Hall, Popular Concert at 8.
 19th.—Queen's (Small) Hall, Mrs. Roskell's Concert at 8.
 20th.—Queen's (Large) Hall, Philharmonic Concert at 8.—Queen's (Small) Hall, Miss Emily Upton's Pianoforte Recital at 8.
 21st.—Queen's (Small) Hall, Subscription Concert at 3; Miss Felicia Howard's Concert at 8.—Albert Hall, Royal Choral Society, "Stabat Mater" and "Spectre's Bride" at 8.
 22nd.—Queen's (Large) Hall, Royal Artillery Band at 3.
 23rd.—Queen's (Large) Hall, London Ballad Concert at 3; Polytechnic Concert at 8.—St. James's Hall, Popular Concert at 3.
 24th.—Queen's (Large) Hall, Grand Organ Recital at 3.30; National Sunday League at 7.
 25th.—St. James's Hall, Popular Concert at 8.
 27th.—Queen's (Small) Hall, Miss Ethel Sharpe's Recital at 8.
 28th.—Queen's (Large) Hall, Miss Mabel Chaplin's Concert at 8.
 29th.—Queen's (Large) Hall, Bach Choir Rehearsal at 4; Commercial Travellers' School Concert at 8.
 30th.—Queen's (Large) Hall, London Ballad Concert at 3; Morley House Concert at 8.—St. James's Hall, Popular Concert at 3.
 31st.—Queen's (Large) Hall, Grand Organ Recital at 3.30; National Sunday League at 7.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PERSEVERANCE.—The Erard Centenary Pianoforte Scholarship will fall vacant in October next, at the Royal Academy of Music. Whether it will be continued depends entirely on the generosity of the donors, Messrs. Erard. There is more than one way of fingering arpeggios on common chords; each have their advantages; any system propounded by Beringer or Macfarren would probably be accepted in an examination. A perfectly trained pianist, however, will be able to use all systems at will, according to the special advantages presented by each at the time.

EDMUNDUS.—I have enquired for you in the most likely places, but without success. The waltz "My Love," by J. C. Duggan, is a very old one, and probably out of print. Perhaps some of my readers will be able to mention its publisher.

MELIORA VOLO.—Stainer's and Randegger's respective Primers on harmony and singing, published in Novello's series, are the best things of the kind suitable to your requirements. You do not say whether you desire to harmonise melodies at sight on an instrument, or in writing. If you can already do this fairly well in either way, it should not take very long to acquire in both ways. If you have never attempted either, you should get Stainer's "Composition" Primer, and work the exercises therein. It is more difficult, doubtless, to harmonise a melody than to add parts above a figured bass, but it is a far more valuable exercise, and a much better test of ability.

R. A. M.—Either George Hart, Wardour-street, W.C., Hill and Son, 38 New Bond-street, Beare and Son, Rathbone-place, would value your violin for a fee, varying

according to the firm you select, from perhaps 5/- to a guinea. Beware of the opinion of interested persons, and of the numerous fiddle-sharks, *alias* swindlers. I am very glad you like "The Minim" so much; it exists for the pleasure and profit of its readers, and we hope you will make this known to your friends. Don't hesitate to write to me if at any time I can be of assistance to you.

HOPEFUL.—There is an entrance examination of some kind at all the great music schools. It is not, however, of a formidable type, and is only held for the purposes of classification, and to prevent those who have absolutely no musical talent from wasting money on lessons. So long as you exhibit even ordinary talent you need not fear refusal at any of the institutions named.

O. K.—I cannot recommend teachers through these columns, but if you will send me a stamped addressed envelope I will with pleasure send you the name of a competent harmony master in your neighbourhood. Bogus teachers of theory are, contrary to your belief, quite as numerous as the bogus teachers of executive art; the less the subject is likely to be known by the general public, and the heads of families, the more the musical quack flourishes.

We are always pleased to assist our readers to obtain any desired information, provided that our correspondent's real name and address is enclosed; not necessarily for publication.

Queries should be received before the 10th of the month.

Rejected contributions are returned if stamps for the purpose are enclosed.



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